New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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The Way Out!

Can't Washington, disregarding all subordinate matters, find a way to drive both operators and miners into the open? Can't it force both or one (for one is enough) to face the square issue of what sort of settlement is acceptable?

Both sides have enveloped themselves in camouflage. The miners declare they would have national arbitration. Yet when it is offered to them they refuse it, saying there must be an advance agreement that their wages are not to be lowered. *This is not arbitration, but prejudgment.*

The operators also say they would arbitrate—but by districts, not nationally. This is absurd. The coal industry is a national one. Every operator competes to some degree against every other. There must be a national wage base if there is to be industrial peace.

Suppose the arbitral board in one district decided wages should come down and in the adjacent district a similar board decided that wages should go up! Divergent decisions would make district arbitration no arbitration at all. The operators know this. *As matters stand they are for arbitration in words, but against it in fact.*

To make one or the other side, or both, uncover is the business of Washington. It can do it. When the truth is revealed, when the public is no longer confused by special pleadings and misleading statements, then public opinion will quickly mobilize and bring the controversy to a rapid end.

The intelligent leaders of the miners knew when the President declared for a national settlement that they had attained their main objective. Let them now consent to wide-open arbitration. With the arbitrators taking into consideration, as they necessarily would, costs of living and the profits of the operators, the miners would have no reason to fear the decision if their case is what they say it is.

On the other hand, the operators, when they pretend to be for arbitration yet oppose national arbitration and seek to promote local settlements which will settle nothing, must be aware what impression they make on the public.

The way to arbitrate is to arbitrate. President Harding is in a position to bring to an end the jockeying and wriggling which so far have prevented public opinion from exercising its full pressure.

Locking Up America

Wherein Senator Gooding, of Idaho, is superior to some of his colleagues is in his frankness. He does not beat about the bush. When he has a conviction he blurts it out. His may not be an opinion any one else entertains, but that makes no difference to the Senator. He dares to be Daniel and to stand alone.

So, as the nub and king-pin of a speech which it took him two hours and twenty-four minutes to deliver, in which he discussed the cod liver oil industry with great thoroughness, with side trips to cuckoo clocks, monkey-faced dolls, dog muzzles and other points of interest, he declared that if he had his way he would build a tariff wall so high "that there would be an embargo against every foreign-made article that can be manufactured in this country."

He would make the aforesaid wall proof against the jimmies of wicked importers. Tropical fruits can be raised in this country by steam heat. Shipments of them here should at once be stopped. He would lock up America and throw the key into the deepest ocean. Embargo is his favorite word.

Here is a declaration calculated to make Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, James G. Blaine, William McKinley and others rated as good protectionists uneasy in their coffins. But these were weak in the faith. It has remained for this generation to produce a true-blue champion of advanced truth.

Dickering

It is significant that the Democratic slate-makers now gathered are talking about no office but the Governorship. Most of them seem to agree that they want "Al" Smith to be their candidate. A majority, in private conversation, declare that Mr. Hearst will not be nominated. But no one of them has anything to say about the Senatorship, which is quite as important as the Governorship.

Among those present is Charles Francis Murphy, who in the convention September 28 will be the collective voice of the leaders of Tammany Hall. Mr. Murphy is quite willing to have Mr. Hearst eliminated as a candidate for Governor. He would much prefer a man who would not, were he elected to that powerful office, immediately seek to boss the whole party, including Tammany.

But Mr. Murphy may not object to sending Mr. Hearst to Washington if by so doing he can induce him to cease from troubling in city and state affairs. Thus it is possible that Mr. Murphy's attitude is responsible for the brooding silence of all the statesmen on the question of the Senatorship. The Tammany chief has a way of quieting talk when talk threatens his plans.

A number of Mr. Hearst's friends are in council, and they also have little to say about the Governorship. But it would appear that they are busily dickering for something "just as good."

What Murphy wants to do this year is to win, if it is possible, and in particular to win in the state. He could afford to lose the Senatorship if he could gain the Governorship. It would not break his heart nor those of his followers if Mr. Hearst were on the ticket and beaten, provided his nominee for Governor won.

This is therefore a propitious time for Mr. Hearst to dicker, and there is little doubt that that is just exactly what he is doing.

Selling Out the Russians

The best thing that can be said of the Hague conference, now happily no more, is that it furnishes a guiding example of what not to do in the future. Like its Genoa predecessor, it was conceived in hypocrisy, carried on in false pretence and collapsed in palpable fraud. Not in a thousand such gatherings is there a grain of benefit to the world.

The conference was advertised as economic. But it was singularly non-economic. Its declared object was to lay the foundation of mutually beneficial trade with Russia, but its program looked to the perpetuation of conditions which made trade with Russia impossible. For four years Russia has had imposed on her by force a system which has smothered the ability of her people either to sell or to buy. Yet not a word was said at The Hague looking to removing the pressure on the Russian people. The plan was to lend money to the wreckers of Russia and thus enable them to continue their wrecking business.

What was sought to be done, although garbed in fine phrases, was in essence monstrously immoral. It was nothing other than that the civilized world should give a new club to the Russian tyranny. The abandonment of the Russian people was to be grossly heartless. Just as a century ago traders with the Barbary Coast said it was no concern of theirs how the pashas used their power—that the tribute money paid to them could be used to hire dungeon keepers—so now some men of business, provided they get profits, care not to what misery the Russian people are reduced. Such are eager to exploit Russia and are indifferent to what happens to the victims of the exploitation. The Litvinoff proposals are nothing more than that the Soviet government is willing to go "halves" with big concession seekers.

To another thing the Hague conferees were entirely blind—namely, that the restoration of Russia is essentially a domestic and not an international problem. All we can do is to assist the Russian people to establish a civilized government. The main work the Russians must do themselves. But though much was said at The Hague of the rights of foreigners in Russia not one word was uttered about the rights of the Russians themselves. The conference asked for guaranties for aliens that they did not even hint that Russians should enjoy.

Shaking Hands With Maine

While President Harding has "no plans for the summer except work" in the sultry capital, several members of the Cabinet are said to be willing to repair to cool spots in Maine to remind the people to vote the Republican ticket as usual on September 11.

The voters of the Dirigo State have been known to elect Democrats, though seldom. There is no harm in the men from Washington making a trip to confirm them in their intention of not doing so this fall. The speechmaking in vacation land will be good setting-up exercise for more strenuous days ahead where Democrats are more numerous than hens' teeth.

There are no surface indications that Maine is dissatisfied with the Harding Administration or with Senator Hale and Governor Baxter, who are up for re-election. The state since 1912 has had a strongly progressive tinge. Hale, a member now of the Harding foursome on the links, was a Bull Mooser. So was Baxter. The Senator has done well in Washington, and Maine is not in the habit of changing Senators without great provocation. The Governor has shown outstanding ability as an executive. That both are bachelors, therefore imperfectly qualified for office, is the amusing *non sequitur* that passes for argument in a tame campaign.

For All the People

The Tribune always has contended that the parks are for all the people. Central Park, especially, being located as it is, ought to be not only a center of art and education but a breathing space alike for rich and poor and a playground for children otherwise deprived of the child's rightful heritage of grass and trees and flowers.

To make the park merely a carefully tended setting for bridle paths and automobile drives or a promenade for the nurses and baby carriages of the wealthy would be turning it over to the use of a particular class, which would be wholly unfair and unjust.

But to introduce into it swimming pools and cinder tracks and other provisions for athletics would be turning it over to another class—the athletes—which would be equally unfair and unjust.

The latter course has been decided upon by the Board of Estimate. The result of the plan about to be put into practice will make the park impossible as a resting spot for the poor families which now enjoy it. It will fill it with noise and dirt and clutter, destroy its beauty and ruin it utterly.

The swimming pools and athletic appliances to be introduced—in the guise of a memorial—will be used not by the people from the tenements but by the lusty youth from the surrounding apartment houses, who will get there first and monopolize the bathing facilities as they now monopolize the tennis courts and baseball fields.

The city has provided great and adequate playgrounds in Van Cortlandt and Bronx and Pelham Bay parks, where there is enough room for everybody and plenty of quiet spaces for rest besides.

It could, at a far less expenditure than that proposed by the Board of Estimate, provide bathing facilities in the East River and at the ocean beaches.

This would leave Central Park what it was intended to be when it was laid out—a district where all the people could come to rest and read and get away from heated houses, and a center for institutions such as the Art Museum and the Museum of Natural History. Thus it should be left. It is of vastly more value to all the people than if it is made into a Coney Island.

What Mr. Hylan is doing with the park is not taking it away from the rich, who can still roll through it in their motors or gallop over its bridle paths without being disturbed by the hurly-burly about them. He is taking away from the poor the only resting place they have within easy reach.

Is the Razorback Going?

The Florida razorback, says a Gainesville, Fla., representative of the Agricultural Department, is rapidly approaching extinction. This lean and agile animal that strops himself on the pine trees until his backbone is sharp enough to cut fence rails; this fleetest and keenest of the *Suidæ*, that can outrun a hound and has been trained for use as a bird dog; this redoubtable pig that can whip an alligator; this deep rooter whose snout is a subsoil plow, is threatened with extinction by dumpy breeds of hogs that have no merit other than their ability to fatten.

Usually the Department of Agriculture is reliably informed. But it seems judicious to accept this report with some caution. The glory of the razorback has ever been his self-sufficiency. He is not dependent upon the bounty of the farmer. He subsists upon nature's offerings. He lives off the country, and it is reasonable to expect that he will continue to do so, however much he may be driven into the deeper Florida wildernesses.

In this connection it is pertinent to recall an episode of the summer of 1913. Caleb Winterbottom, a farmer of Southbury, Conn., with a Yankee's love of experimenting, imported a genuine Florida razorback. Caleb wanted to see what close quarters and rich food could do for the breed. His experiment did not last long. He tagged the animal and placed it in a pen. The next morning it was gone, a sawed fence rail telling the story of the escape. Three weeks later, so the story runs, the hog, identified by its tag ear, turned up at its native village of Sandy Creek, Fla., as full of energy and squeal as ever, though a trifle hoof sore. Does it seem likely a breed able to produce so sagacious a traveler would soon become extinct?

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The Summer Die-Hard

If any friend of ours should try,
When we were on the scene,
To bite a casual passerby
In some quick fit of spleen,
And we should see him smashed out flat
We'd quake with dread and terror,
And feel extremely certain that
Our friend had made an error.

If any friend of ours should seek
With patient care and toil,
To rear his young in ponds that reek
With crude and smelly oil,
And all his family should die
We'd feel profoundly shaken,
And own with a regretful sigh
That he was much mistaken.

And yet mosquitoes watch their friends,
With little show of tact,
Bite people—for their evil ends—
And perish in the act.
And straightway do the bugs take wing
In fierce, vindictive passion,
And do the self-same risky thing
In quite the self-same fashion.

And though mosquitoes' children die
In ponds that taint the air,
Still other culex parents try
To rear their offspring there.
I'm no admirer of his—
No booster, in the least—
But I confess this insect is
A most persistent beast.

Forward-Looking Men

The Presidential campaign is again in the minds of the politicians. A number of them are claiming to have been born in Ohio.

No Incentive for Oversight

Now that golf balls sell at 10 cents your caddy will probably be able to find your ball once in a while.

Too Dreary

Now that Will Hays has made the movie shows cleaner we wish he'd make 'em funnier.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Grantland Rice at Skokie

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: For a great many years I have enjoyed reading The New York Tribune, but I must confess that never in all that time have I been so well pleased as with Grantland Rice's articles on the recent national open golf at Skokie. For years his articles have described in the most interesting, and at the same time most accurate, manner various important events in the sporting world, but this time he has outdone all his previous efforts. Next to being present at whatever event is taking place, reading Mr. Rice's articles gives one the best possible insight into each phase of action.

While this particular writer is only one of many excellent ones whom you employ, it is to him, more than anything else, that my continued pleasure in reading your pages is due.

Many thanks to you for providing such excellent reports of current events.

B. I. LOOMIS.

Detroit, Mich., July 18, 1922.

The National Anthem

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your correspondent A. G. Rudd is a soldier, to whom war is naturally of paramount importance, wherefore war must be the motif for his national anthem. In the same way the Englishman, feeling that the King is the most vitally important figure in history, has repeated the line: "God save the King!" some seven times in his national anthem.

But it is an extremely common error to be deceived as to the vital issue of a nation's history. I have heard men say in all seriousness that the Eighteenth Amendment threatened the liberty of America more than any other incident ever did. Again, to the railroad engineer the disastrous collision is the outstanding horror. Yet nobody would attempt such an absurdity as a national anthem upon such matters, however terrible they may have seemed to those immediately concerned, because America was not founded upon kings or railroad disasters, any more than upon wars and bloodshed.

The fundamental and essential characteristic of America's unfolding was peace—peace, which has become the very life of America, almost the definition of America. One has only to consider the Monroe Doctrine (the only doctrine ever fashioned and honestly promulgated to promote peace) to realize the truth of my assertion.

Wherefore peace must be the motif for America's national anthem, not war. How immeasurably superior is the noble sentiment: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" when compared with phrases such as "Their foul footsteps' pollution."

FRED E. SCARLETT.

New York, July 18, 1922.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read The New York Tribune since a child, and am now past threescore, and I want to say to you that the letter in last Sunday's paper on "The Star-Spangled Banner," by a soldier, A. G. Rudd, expresses precisely my sentiments, and I know of hundreds of others to whom it will appeal in a grand sense. We all rise gladly to this inspiring, priceless heritage of song dedicated to our dear old flag, and we want no substitute.

MRS. WILLIAM J. PATTERSON.

Onset, Mass., July 19, 1922.

The Tower

BALLADE OF BETRAYAL

THOUGH metrical our present moan;
Though accurate our rhymes may be,
Our muse has turned a selfish crone
And mocks with unrepentant glee.
The harridan delights to see
Us wrassle, hapless, with a lay.
Quite feminine her perfidy;
We simply can't write verse to-day.

We could by winds of summer blown,
Tramp miles across the well-known lea;
Or lie the whole day through alone
And dream beneath a maple tree;
Or smite the golf ball from its tee,
Or sing till dawn's remorseful gray
Cut short an alcoholic spree—
We simply can't write verse to-day.

In vain we plead in frantic tone;
Or bend to her a quaking knee;
Or suicidal razor hone.
She laughs and keeps in fief and fee
The songs we'd carol; wrathful, she
We scorn and curse her while we may
And strive our mournful weird to dree.
We simply can't write verse to-day.

L'Envoi

Euterpe, kid, you scorn our plea;
You love your suitors to betray.
On this with you we will agree—
We simply can't write verse to-day.

This Hearst-Hylan correspondence of renunciation may have been started to convince the public what grand messages to the Legislature each of them could write.

At the hour of going to press Mr. Hylan was leading in the unofficial primary by one refusal, with Mr. Hearst's home district still to be heard from.

Two more declinatures of the nomination ought to furnish sufficient basis for the appointment of a commission to find out what's the matter with it.

It's the belief of W. G. Cochran, who has also been impressed by the serial of self-sacrifice referred to above, that it's not the heat; it's the humility.

The children of Juarez have stormed the alcalde's office because the schools are closed, and yet Prezy Obregon is trying to convince America that Mexico has returned to normalcy.

The Sioux Indians are all steamed up because their squaws are going in for divorce. We can't think of any reason why a brave deserted by his helpmeet shouldn't demand heavy alimony.

CRABSHAW VS. CRAWFORD

Sir: Do you by any chance know this Mr. Crawford?

Or this Mr. Crabshaw?

You should, decidedly. The current issue of "Judge" makes evident that between them the Crawford and Crabshaw families hold the wise cracking championship of the universe.

Right on page one, in the second column, beneath the picture of two ladies in underwear, the Crawford-Crabshaw team spikes you with this one:

Crawford—What do you think of Conan Doyle's description of Paradise?

Crabshaw—Just like a popular author to give us a happy ending.

Not so good? All right, but wait. On the same page, top third column, comes this:

Crawford—You were lucky to sublet your apartment.

Crabshaw—I don't know about that. My wife will be worrying all summer about how the place will look when she gets home.

You might leap to the conclusion that the Crawfords and the Crabshaws work exclusively for "Judge." Not so. Neither is the sharp edge of the family wit carried alone by the male members of the clan. On page twenty-four of the same issue:

Mrs. Crawford—When I asked my husband for money to get a new Easter outfit he acted just as if I'd demanded a bonus.

Mrs. Crabshaw—My husband went on just the same. He said he'd be glad to give it if I could only show him where he could get it.—*New York Sun.*

It is possible, of course, that Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Crabshaw are on "The Sun's" staff and their husbands work for "Judge." Also, it appears on page twenty-five that Mrs. Crabshaw is somewhat of a gadabout:

Mrs. Crabshaw—So you're in favor of jazz.

Mrs. Newrich—Indeed I am. When you have an entertainment now all the neighborhood knows that you're giving it.—*The New York Sun.*

I, personally, am all worked up about this. Who are these people? Does Mrs. Crawford know Mrs. Newrich, too, or has Mrs. Crabshaw refused to introduce her? How come the Crabshaws and the Crawfords are always together? Is it due, do you suppose, to the fact that their work throws them into each other's companionship, or is it community of interests which has led to this beautiful friendship?

Couldn't "Judge" be persuaded to print their pictures? EDDI.

"A woman's fight for a man's soul! A story of men obsessed by lust for gold and enslaved by Ponjola, drink of Africa. A romance of glamorous and terrible gold fields."—Adv.

We sometimes wonder how the bookmen print
Stuff half so thrilling as the blurbs they write.

And while prowling about on the outer fringe of the field of letters, do the book blurb writers, we ask, eventually become the artisans of the movie captions? Or do the caption writers serve their apprenticeship in patience, looking forward to the golden time when they may become, with application, fashioners of book blurbs?

Sometimes you can't help envying the coal miners. We'd be willing to be underpaid ourself if we could afford to rest six months a year.

Doubtless the subterranean labor is exhausting and perilous, but we think we could keep up our courage in the gloomy anthracite or bituminous caverns by looking forward to the next strike and the grand time we'd have fishing.

The shooting also appears to be excellent this year. F. F. V.

WHAT'S THE HURRY?

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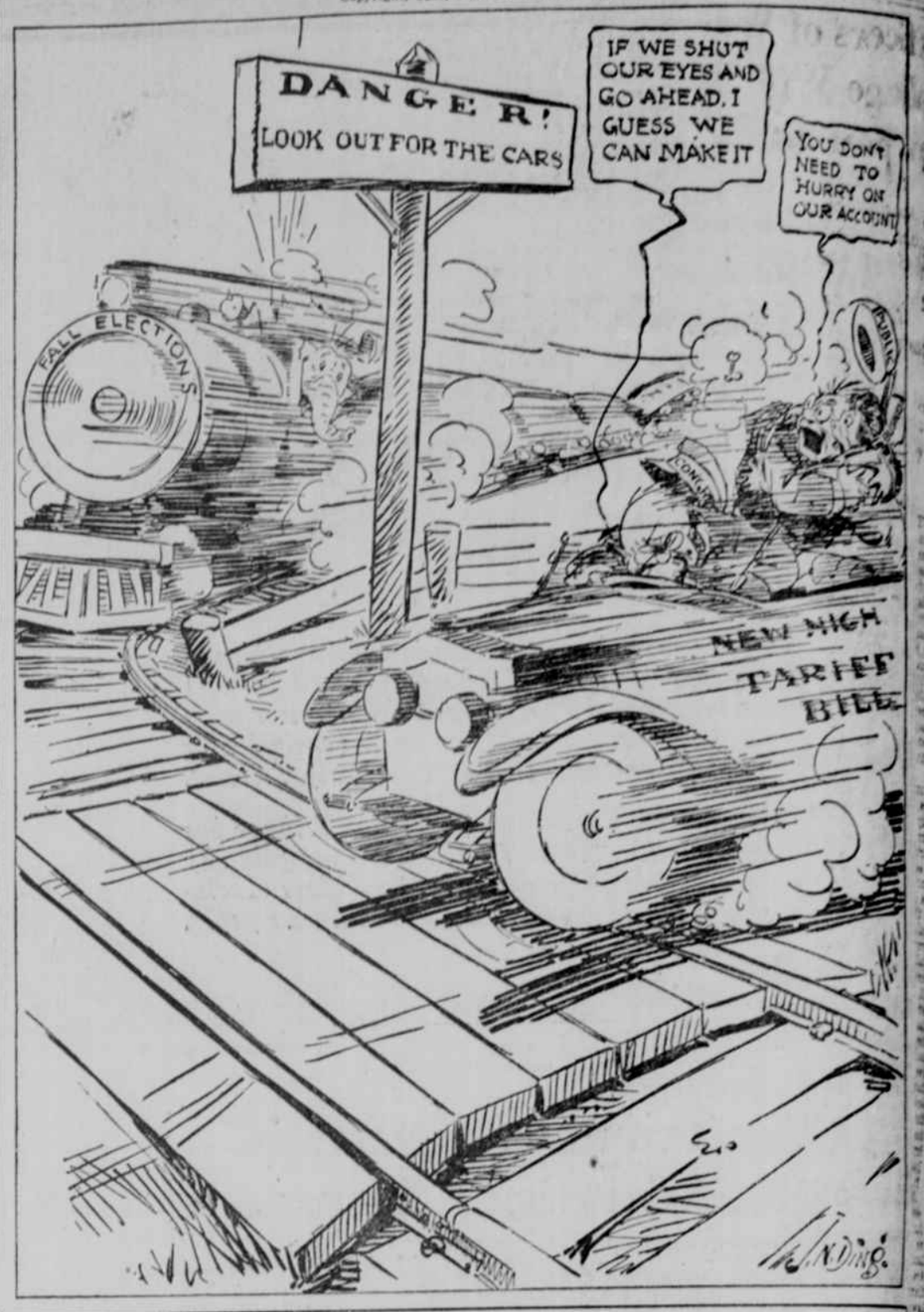

Poland To-day

By Marie Cecile Chomel

WARSAW, July 1 (By Mail).—Poland's capital offers the new arrival a spectacle so extraordinary that it seems at first to be the fantasy of some horrid nightmare. Visualize, if you can, a vast city with streets full of people who appear at first glance to be clothed mostly in patches.

Barefoot women; women who wear no hats, but have shawls over their heads. Or again, the shawl is tied around the mother's waist to support her baby—that being the way they carry their children. Their hands are thus left free to carry other burdens. Weaving in and out of the throngs are seen women with huge sacks tied on their backs and bent double under their weight. On every corner are old men and women holding out their hands for charity. Can this be a stage set for a "movie" picture is the thought uppermost as one gazes upon the scene. Surely it cannot be real life—and in what was formerly one of the gayest capitals of Europe.

Princes and Paupers

A Polish interpreter met me as I stepped from the train—a prince, I believe, under the old regime, and now a member of the general staff, but lent to the American Mission. In such manner do those of high degree manifest their gratitude for the aid sent to their country by America. The prince wore the gay cerise cap band of a Polish officer and the silver eagle (the national emblem) that every Pole displays to-day.

We went into the street. It looked as if the vicinity of the railroad station was inhabited solely by beggars. I had never seen such picturesque, nor so many, rags.

And then out of the drab blur of poverty other facts and impressions emerged. Better dressed figures could be picked out here and there, and it became evident that patches and dirt do not really predominate, although they remain always too much in evidence for the traveler's peace of mind.

After a day or so I saw that there were many people with good clothes, the restaurants were well supplied and the shops again stocked with goods. For a long time, you know, there was nothing to sell.

Wistful Waiting

An American is a person of unusual and general interest. The Poles look to America with the faith of little children. They expect her to perform miracles in righting this unsteady world. Nobody reasons how she is to do it—they just patiently wait. Uncle Sam is the miracle worker who will presently wield his magic wand and convert the desolate, war-hopeless lands into blooming gardens in which can be plucked fresh, new lives.

With two other Americans I went to Brest (called the Verdun of Poland). Once a beautiful city of more than 100,000, we found barely 12,000 people. It is in this district that the worst destitution existed. We saw no fields in cultivation; nothing but tangled labyrinths of barbed wire, for our way lay through country fought over time and again, first by the Germans, then the Bolshevists. We passed heaps of stones that had once been houses; walls that had been beautiful churches.

The vast Russian fortifications encircled the city—before the war Brest was an important military post. Thousands of acres of magnificent parks and vast buildings inside the fortified walls remain from the old régime. In lieu of their destroyed homes the people were living in the old Russian-German dugouts.

Peasants all over the country are carrying out a comprehensive reconstruction program. The government aid has made it possible to rebuild their homes, and in districts other than the Brest section, where destruction appeared complete, we saw many evidences that not only were the farmers getting their land back into cultivation as rapidly as possible, but were building for themselves better homes than they had ever before known. The chief difficulty was the lack of seed and farm implements and a shortage of horses. A serious obstacle was encountered in the absence of so many of the farm boys serving in the army. However, they are being demobilized as fast as possible in order that they may return to the land. Boys who declared an intention of resuming their studies were permitted to return to college. The pecuniary aid given the pupils by American students has enabled thousands of them to stay at their studies who would have been forced to forego their aspirations without this aid.

Women to the Fore

Through years of repression, despite Russian tyranny, Poland has held fast to her culture. In music, literature and art the Poles yield to none. The children in the street speak more than one language. I asked a young stenographer how many languages she spoke and she replied apologetically "only six."

It is in the energy and determined ability of its women that Poland finds its hope to-day. It will find itself because its women are determined that it shall. Strong, resourceful and well organized, they are instituting many important civic and domestic reforms, and in their fierce patriotism are finding for the men of Poland the power drained out of them by generations of brutality and exile—for it was the men who came more directly into contact with the conquerors.

Of the peasant class we have no equivalent. They often live in squalor, but in the main they have enough to eat and are contented. There is one fact to note in regard to the peasant cottages: that no matter how poor and dirty, the innate love of beauty demonstrates itself in windows full of blooming flowers. The barrenness of the squalid cabin is certain of the softening screen of vines and shrubs to protect its misery.

Their religion is the most vital thing in the lives of the peasants and their church the center of their existence. On Sunday they dress in their vivid stripes (the men wear brilliant colors in their trousers) and go to church. Afterward they stand around outside like a gayly bedecked opera chorus.

Speaking of opera, we went to a grand opera performance. It was all in Polish and surprisingly good. During the acts the people sat perfectly quiet. Nobody was willing to miss a note by applause. But at the end—For fully fifteen minutes after the final curtain the audience stood in the aisles cheering until the walls rang to the echo. The more enthusiastic crowded to the footlights and the women tore off their flowers to toss on the stage.

What Readers Say

"The Race for Ellis Island"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I want to express my appreciation of your recent editorial entitled "The Race for Ellis Island." I am glad that you point to the fact that injustice in regard to administering the 3 per cent law is not a reason for abolishing its control. There have been many pathetic stories, some of which are proved to be false, aiming at this thing, i. e., the abolition of all restriction.

While there are injustices, no doubt, which ought to be remedied, it would be absurd to admit swarms of aliens, with all the ensuing hardships to our unemployed and drain on our charities, just because a few have suffered in being turned out. Thank you for showing that the broader aspects of the law should not be overlooked.

HELEN A. BRADLEY.

Boston, Mass., July 18, 1922.

Explained to Women Voters

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As an advocate of woman suffrage for more than thirty years, I am forced to admit that the women voters are, as was predicted, showing their inability to understand the important legislative measures now pending in Congress. Take, for instance, the tariff bill, against which millions of women are protesting because they think it will raise the prices of necessaries.

If these well-intentioned women would only read the speeches of Senators Watson, of Indiana, and McLean, of Connecticut, they would know that the effect of greatly increased duties on foreign gloves, ribbons, linens and cotton goods will be to increase domestic production, and by creating more competition reduce prices. That is the reason why all the domestic manufacturers are clamoring for prohibitive duties on imports. They want to be forced to sell at lower prices, and just as soon as the tariff excludes foreign goods they will do their best to sell their products at a loss.

The suggestion that any protected manufacturer would charge higher prices just because he was given a monopoly of the home market is unpatriotic. WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York, July 17, 1922.

The Noisiest Noise

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: All days and most of the nights thousands of puffing, panting motorcycles run all over New York City. Nearly all of them run with wide open cut-outs.

Thousands of quiet-loving citizens object. Complaints have been made to the police, to the Health Board and to the newspapers, but still the queer bathtub cycles run, and run, and run, shrieking and yelling as they keep our nerves on edge. The law forbids it, but the law as far as motorcycles is concerned is a dead letter. I wonder why.

Why can a motorcycle run with wide-open cut outs, when a real auto gets a summons for doing it? Our street noises are a real menace to the health of our citizens. How long are they going to stand it?

ARTHUR BOARDMAN.

New York, July 19, 1922.